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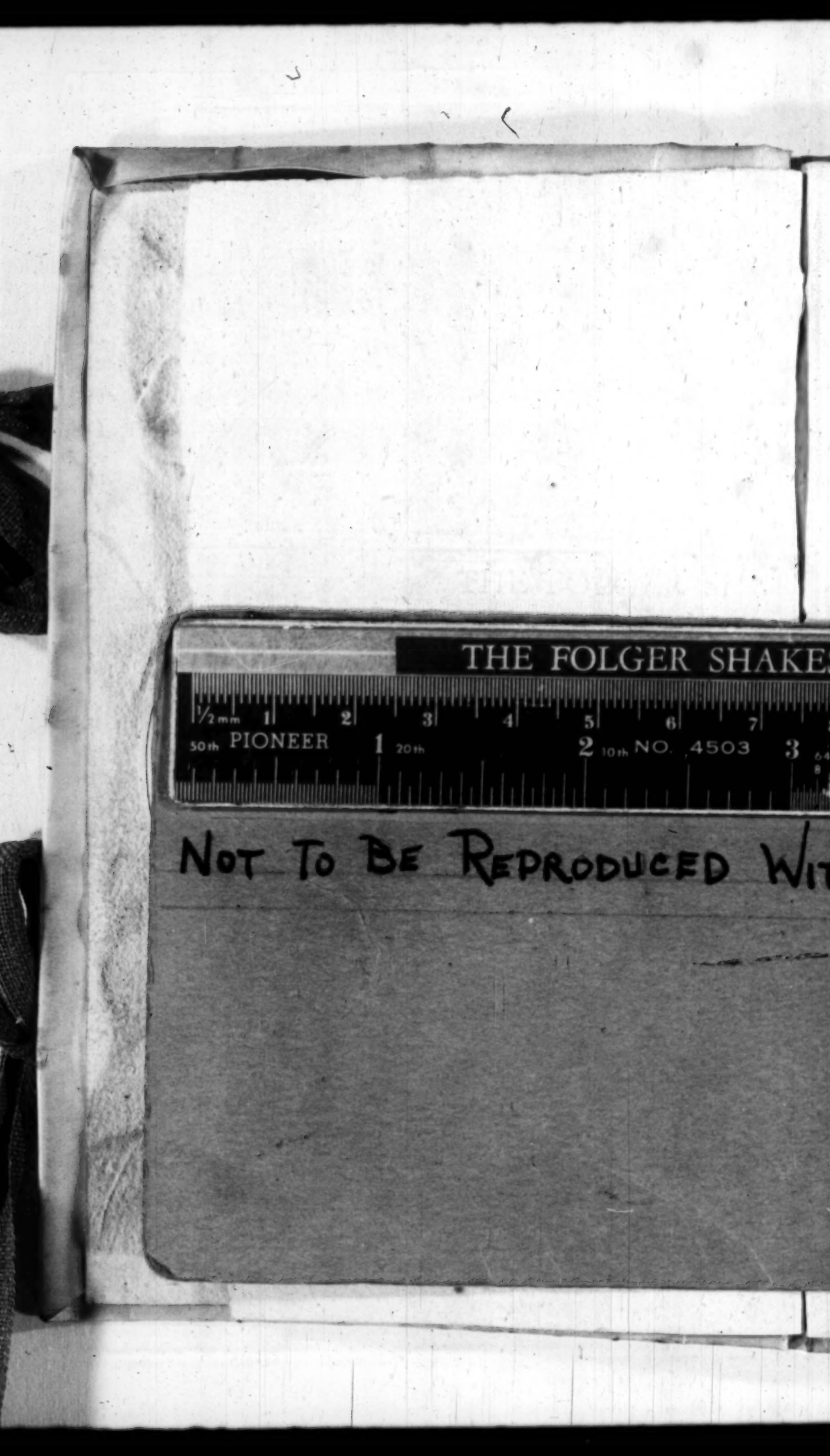
6358

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Hannah Wilton

1644

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To my Loving and much esteemed,
mrs Hannah Jaye, at Bubbels
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Nosce teipsum.

THIS ORACLE EXpounded in two *Elegies*:

1. Of Humane Knowledge.
2. Of the Soule of Man, and the immortality thereof.

Written by Sir IOHN DAVIS, *his Maiesties Atturney generall in Ireland.*

Whereunto is added, Hymnes of *Astræa* in Acrosticke verse; or, Praises of his Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*.

By the same Author.

LONDON,

Printed by *George Purslowe*, for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1619.

6352

HYMNES OF ASTRÆA, IN ACROSTICKE VERSE.

Praiſes of his Soueraigne, Queene *ELIZABETH.*

LONDON
Printed by *G. P.* for *Richard Hawkins.*
1618.

HYMNES OF
ASTRÆA. IN
ACROSTICKE
VERSE

Dedicated to his Sacred Majestie Queene
ELIZABETH.

6352

HYMNE. I.

Of Astræa.

Early before the day doth spring,
Let vs awake my Muse, and sing,
It is no time to slumber,
So many Ioyes this time doth bring,
As time will faile to number.

But whereto shall we bend our Layes?
Euen vp to Heauen, againe to raise
The Mayd, which thence descended
Hath brought againe the golden dayes,
And all the world amended.

Rudenesse it selfe she doth refine,
Euen like an Alchymist diuine,
Grosse times of Iron turning
Into the purest forme of gold:
Not to corrupt, till heauen waxe old,
And be refin'd with burning.

HYMNE. II.

To Astræa.

Eternall Virgin, *Goddesse* true,
Let me presume to sing to you.
If *Ioue*, euen great *Ioue* hath leisure
Sometimes to heare the vulgar crue,
And heares them oft with pleasure.

Blessed

HYMNE. II.

B lesſed *Astræa*, I in part
E nioy the bleſſings you impart,
T he *Peace*, the milke and hony,
H umanity, and ciuill *Art*,
A richer *Dower* then money.

R ight glad am I that now I liue,
E uen in theſe dayes whereto you giue
G reat happineſſe and glory;
I f after you I ſhould be borne,
N o doubt I ſhould my birth-day ſcorne,
A dmiring your ſweet ſtorie.

HYMNE. III.

To the Spring.

E arth now is greene, and heauen is blew,
L iuely Spring which makes all new
I olly Spring doth enter,
S weet young Sun-beames doe ſubdue
A ngry, aged Winter.

B laſts are mild, and Seas are calme,
E uery medow flowes with Balme,
T he earth weares all her riches,
H armonious birds ſing ſuch a Pſalme
A s eare and heart bewitches.

6352

HYMNE. III.

Reserue (sweet Spring) this Nymph of
Eternall garlands of thy flowers, (ours,
Greene garlands neuer wasting;
In her shall last our *states* faire spring,
Now and for euer flourishing,
As long as heauen is lasting.

HYMNE. IIII.

To the moneth of May.

Each day of thine, sweet moneth of May,
Loue makes a solemne holy-day:
I will performe like dutie,
Sith thou resemblest euery way
Astræa, Queene of beauty.

Both you fresh beauties doe partake,
Eithers aspect doth Summer make:
Thoughts of young Loue awaking,
Hearts you both do cause to ake,
And yet be pleasd with *aking*.

Right deare art thou, and so is shee,
Euen like attractiue Sympathy,
Gaines vnto both like dearenesse;
I weene this made Antiquitie
Name thee, Sweet *May* of *Maiestie*,
As being both like in *cleerenesse*.

Early

HYMNE. V.

To the Larke.

E arely cheerefull, mounting Larke,
L ights gentle Vsher, mornings Clarke,
I n merry Notes delighting:
S tint awhile thy Song, and harke,
A nd learne my new Inditing.

B eare vp this Hymne, to heau'n it beare,
E uen vp to heau'n, and sing it there,
T o heau'n each morning beare it;
H aue it set to some sweet Sphere,
A nd let the Angels heare it.

R enownd *Astræa*, that great Name,
E xceeding great in worth and fame,
G reat worth hath so renownd it,
I t is *Astræas* Name I praise,
N ow then, sweet Larke, do thou it raise;
A nd in high Heauen resound it.

HYMNE. VI.

To the Nightingale.

E uery night from Euen til Morne,
L oues Quirister amidde the thorne
I s now so sweet a Singer,
S o sweet, as for her Song I scorne
A pollos voice, and finger.

6352

HYMNE. VI.

But Nitingale, ſith you delight
Euer to watch the Starrie night,
To all the Starres of heauen,
Heauen neuer had a Starre ſo bright,
As now to earth is giuen.

Royall *Aſtræa* makes our Day
Eternall with her beames, nor may
Groſſe darkneſſe ouercome her;
I now perceiue why ſome doe write,
No Country hath ſo ſhort a night,
As England hath in Summer.

HYMNE. VII.

To the Roſe.

Eye of the Garden, Queen of flowers,
Loues Cup, wherein he Nectar powres;
Ingendred firſt of Nectar: (howres,
Sweet nurſe-child of the Springs young
And Beauties faire Character.

Beſt Iewell that the earth doth weare,
Euen when the braue young Sun drawes
To her hote Loue pretending; (neare,
Himſelfe likewiſe like forme doth beare,
At riſing and diſcending.

Roſe

HYMNE. VII.

R oſe of the Queene of loue belou'd;
E nglands great Kings diuinely mou'd,
G aue Roſes in their Banner;
I t ſhewed that Beauties Roſe indeed,
N ow in this age ſhould them ſucceed,
A nd raigne in more ſweet manner.

HYMNE. VIII.

To all the Princes of Europe.

E *urope*, the Earths ſweet Paradiſe:
L et all thy Kings that would be wiſe,
I n *Politique Deuotion*:
S aile hither to obſerue her eyes,
A nd marke her heauenly motion.

B raue Princes of this ciuill age,
E nter into this pilgrimage:
T his Saints tongue is an oracle,
H er eye hath made a Prince a Page,
A nd works each day a Miracle.

R aiſe but your lookes to her, and ſee
E uen the true beames of Maieſtie,
G reat Princes, marke her duly;
I f all the world you doe ſuruey,
N o forehead ſpreads ſo bright a Ray,
A nd notes a Prince ſo truly.

6352

HYMNE. IX.

To Flora.

Empresse of flowers, tell where away
Lies your sweete Court this merry *May*,
In *Greenewich* garden Allies:
Since there the heauenly powers do play,
And haunt no other Vallies.

Beauty, *Vertue*, *Maiesty*,
Eloquent Muses, three times three,
The new fresh houres and Graces,
Haue pleasure in this place to be,
Aboue all other Places.

Roses and Lillies did them draw,
Ere they diuine *Astræa* saw;
Gay flowers they sought for pleasure:
In stead of gathering Crownes of flowers,
Now gather they *Astræas* Dowers,
And beare to heauen that treasure.

HYMNE. X.

To the Moneth of September.

Each Moneth hath praise in some degree;
Let May to others seeme to be
In Sense the sweetest Season;
September thou art best to me,
And best dost please my reason.

HYMNE. X.

B ut neither for thy Corne nor Wine
E xtoll I thoſe mild dayes of thine,
T hough corne and wine might praiſe thee;
H eauen giues thee honour more diuine,
A nd higher fortunes raiſe thee.

R enownd art thou (ſweet moneth) for this,
E mong thy dayes her birth-day is,
G *race*, *plenty*, *peace* and *honour*
I n one faire houre with her were borne,
N ow ſince they ſtill her Crowne adorne,
A nd ſtill attend vpon her.

HYMNE XI.

To the Sunne.

E ye of the world, fountaine of light,
L ife of day, and death of night,
I humbly ſeeke thy kindneſſe:
S weete, dazle not my feeble ſight,
A nd ſtrike me not with blindneſſe.

B ehold me mildly from that face,
E uen where thou now doſt run thy race,
T he ſpheare where now thou turneſt;
H auing like Phaeton chang'd thy place,
A nd yet hearts only burneſt.

Red

6352

HYMNE XI.

Red in her right cheeke thou doſt riſe;
Exalted after in her eyes,
Great glory there thou ſheweſt:
In thother cheeke when thou deſcendeſt,
New redneſſe vnto it thou lendeſt,
And ſo thy Round thou goeſt.

HYMNE. XII.

To her Picture.

Extreme was his Audacitie;
Little his skill that finiſht thee;
I am aſham'd and ſorry,
So dull her counterfaite ſhould be;
And ſhe ſo full of glory.

But here are colours red and white,
Each lyne, and each proportion right;
Theſe Lynes, this red, and whiteneſſe,
Haue wanting yet a life and light;
A Maieſty, and brightneſſe.

Rude counterfait, I then did erre,
Euen now, when I would needs inferre
Great boldneſſe in thy maker:
I did miſtake, he was not bold;
Nor durſt his eyes her eyes behold;
And this made him miſtake her.

HYMNE. XIII.

Of her Minde.

E arth, now adiew, my rauiſht thought
L ifted to heau'n, ſets thee at nought;
I. nfinite is my longing,
S ecrets of Angels to be taught,
And things to heau'n belonging.

B rought down frõ heau'n of Angels kind;
E uen now doe I admire her minde,
T his is my contemplation,
H er cleere ſweete *Spirit* which is refin'd,
A boue Humane *Creation.*

R ich Sun-beame of th'æternall light,
E xcellent *Soule*, how ſhall I wright;
G ood Angels make me able;
I cannot ſee but by your eye,
N or, but by your tongue, ſignifie
A thing ſo Admirable.

HYMNE. XIIII.

Of the Sun-beames of her Mind.

E xceeding glorious is this ſtarre
L et vs behold her Beames afarre
I n a ſide line reflected;
S ight beares them not, when neere they (are
A nd in right lines directed.

Behold

6352

HYMNE. XIIII.

Behold her in her vertues beames,
Extending Sun-like to all Realmes;
The Sunne none viewes too neerely;
Her Well of goodneſſe in theſe ſtreames,
Appeares right well and clearely.

Radiant vertues, if your light
Enfeeble the beſt Iudgements ſight,
Great ſplendor aboue meaſure
Is in the minde, from whence you flow:
No wit may haue acceſſe to know,
And view ſo bright a treaſure.

HYMNE. XV.

Of her Wit.

Eye of that mind moſt quicke and cleere,
Like Heauens eye, which from his ſpheare,
Into all things prieth,
Sees through all things euery where,
And all their natures trieth.

Bright Image of an Angels wit,
Exceeding ſharpe and ſwift like it,
Things inſtantly diſcerning:
Hauing a Nature infinit,
And yet increaſ'd by learning,

HYMNE. XV.

R ebound vpon thy ſelfe thy light,
E nioy thine owne ſweete precious ſight;
G iue vs but ſome reflection;
I t is enough for vs, if we
N ow in thy ſpeech, now policie,
A dmire thine high perfection.

HYMNE XVI.

Of her Will.

E uer well affected *will*,
L ouing *goodneſſe*, Lothing *ill*,
I neſtimable Treaſure:
S ince ſuch a power hath power to ſpill,
A nd ſaue vs at her pleaſure.

B e thou our Law, ſweete *will*, and ſay,
E uen what thou wilt, we will obay
T his Law, if I could read it:
H erein would I ſpend night and day,
And ſtudy ſtill to plead it.

R oyall *free-will*, and onely *free*,
E ach other *will* is Slaue to thee:
G lad is each *will* to ſerue thee,
I n thee ſuch Princely power is ſeene,
N o Spirit but takes thee for her Queene,
A nd thinkes ſhe muſt obſerue thee.

Excel-

6352

HYMNE. XVII.

Of her Memory.

E xcellent Iewels would you ſee,
L ouely Ladyes? come with me,
I will (for loue I owe you)
S hew you as rich a Treaſure,
A s Eaſt or Weſt can ſhew you.

B ehold, if you can iudge of it,
E uen that great ſtore-houſe of her wit;
T hat beautifull large Table:
H er *Memory*, wherein is writ
A ll Knowledge admirable.

R eade this faire book; and you ſhall learne
E xquiſite Skill, if you diſcerne,
G aine heau'n by this diſcerning;
I n ſuch a memory diuine,
Nature did forme the *Muſes* nine,
A nd *Pallas* Queene of Learning.

HYMNE. XVIII.

Of her Phantaſie.

E xquiſite curioſitie,
L ooke on thy ſelfe with iudging eye,
I f ought be faulty, leaue it.
So delicate a phantaſie
As this, will ſtraight perceiue it.

HYMNE. XVIII.

B ecauſe her temper is ſo fine,
E ndewed with Harmonies diuine:
T herefore if diſcord ſtrike it,
H er true proportions do repine,
A nd ſadly to miſlike it.

R ight otherwiſe a pleaſure ſweete,
E uer ſhe takes in actions meete;
G racing with ſmiles ſuch meetneſſe;
I n her faire forehead beames appeare:
N o Summers day is halfe ſo cleare,
A dorn'd with halfe that ſweetneſſe.

HYMNE. XIX.

Of the Organs of her minde.

E clipſed ſhe is, and her bright rayes
L ie vnder vailes, yet many wayes
I s her faire forme reuealed;
S he diuerſly her ſelfe conueyes,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y inſtruments her powers appeare
E xceedingly well tun'd and cleare:
T his Lute is ſtill in meaſure,
H olds ſtill in tune, euen like a ſpheare,
A nd yeelds the world ſweete pleaſure.

6352

HYMNE XIX.

R eſolue me, Muſe, how this thing is,
E uer a body like to this
G aue heau'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make,
N o doubt the Angels bodies take,
A boue our common nature.

HYMNE XX.

Of the paſſions of her heart.

E xamine not *th' inſcrutable Hart*,
L ight *Muſe* of her, though ſhe in part
I mpart it to the Subiect;
S earch not, although frō heau'n thou art,
A nd this an Heauenly obiect.

B ut ſince ſhe hath a heart, we know
E uer ſome paſſions thence doe flow,
T hough euer rul'd with Honor;
H er Iudgement raignes, they waite below,
A nd fixe their eyes vpon her.

R ectified ſo, they in their kind
E ncreaſe each Vertue of her mind,
G ouern'd with mild tranquillitie;
I n all the Regions vnder Heau'n,
N o State doth beare it ſelfe ſo euen,
And with ſo ſweete facilitie.

Ere

HYMNE. XXI.

Of th'innumerable Vertues of her Mind.

E re thou proceede in this sweete paines,
L earne *Muse* how many drops it raynes
I n cold and moist *December*;
S umme vp *May* flowers, & *Augusts* graines,
A nd grapes of mild *September*.

B eare the Seas sand in memory,
E arths grasses, and the Starres in Skie,
T he little moates which mounted,
H ang in the beames of *Phœbus* eye,
A nd neuer can be counted.

R ecount these numbers numberlesse,
E re thou her vertue canst expresse,
G reat wits this count will cumber.
I nstruct thy selfe in numbring Schooles;
N ow Courtiers vse to begge for fooles,
A ll such as cannot number.

HYMNE. XXII.

Of her Wisdome.

E gle-eyed Wisedome, lifes Loadstarre,
L ooking neere on things afarre;
I *oues* best beloued daughter,
S howes to her Spirit all that are,
A s *Ioue* himselfe hath taught her.

6352

HYMNE XXII.

By this straight Rule she rectifies
Each thought that in heart doth rise;
This is her cleare true mirror,
Her *looking-glasse*, wherein she spies
All formes of Truth and Error.

Right Princely Vertue fit to raigne,
Enthroniz'd in her Spirit remaine,
Guiding our fortunes euer;
If we this starre once cease to see,
No doubt our State will Ship-wrackt be,
And torne and sunke for euer.

HYMNE XXIII.

Of her Iustice.

Exil'd *Astræa* is come againe,
Lo here she doth all things maintaine
In *number, waight* and *measure*.
She rules vs with delightfull paine,
And we obey with pleasure.

By loue she rules more then by Law,
Euen her great *mercy* breedeth awe:
This is her Sword and Scepter,
Herewith she hearts did euer draw,
And this Guard euer kept her.

HYMNE XXIII.

R eward doth ſit in her right hand:
E ach Vertue thence takes her Garland
G ather'd in Honors garden:
I n her left hand (wherein ſhould be
N ought but the Sword) ſits Clemency,
A nd conquers Vice with pardon.

HYMNE XXIIII.

Of her Magnanimitie.

E uen as her State, ſo is her Mind,
L ifted aboue the vulgar kind:
I t treades proud Fortune vnder,
S un-like it ſits aboue the wind,
A boue the ſtormes, and Thunder.

B raue Spirit, large Heart, admiring *nought*,
E ſteeming each thing as it ought,
T hat ſwelleth not, nor ſhrinketh:
H onor is alwaies in her thought,
A nd of great things ſhe thinketh.

R ocks, Pillars, and heau'ns Axeltree,
E xemplifie her Conſtancy;
G reat changes neuer change her:
I n her Sexe feares are wont to riſe,
N ature permits, Vertue denies,
A nd Scornes the face of *danger*.

Em-

6352

HYMNE XXV.

Of her Moderation.

Empresse of kingdomes though she be,
Larger is her Soueraignty,
If she her selfe do gouerne;
Subiect vnto her selfe is she,
And of her selfe true Soueraigne.

Beauties Crowne though she do weare,
Exalted into Fortunes chaire,
Thron'd like the Queene of Pleasure:
Her Vertues still possesse her Eare,
And counsell her to Measure.

Reason, if she incarnate weare,
Euen Reasons selfe could neuer beare
Greatnesse with Moderation;
In her owne temper still is seene,
No liberty claimes she as Queene,
And showes no alteration.

HYMNE XXVI.

To Enuy.

Enuy, go weepe: my Muse and I
Laugh thee to scorne, thy feeble Eye
Is dazled with the glory
Shining in this gay Poesie,
And little golden Story.

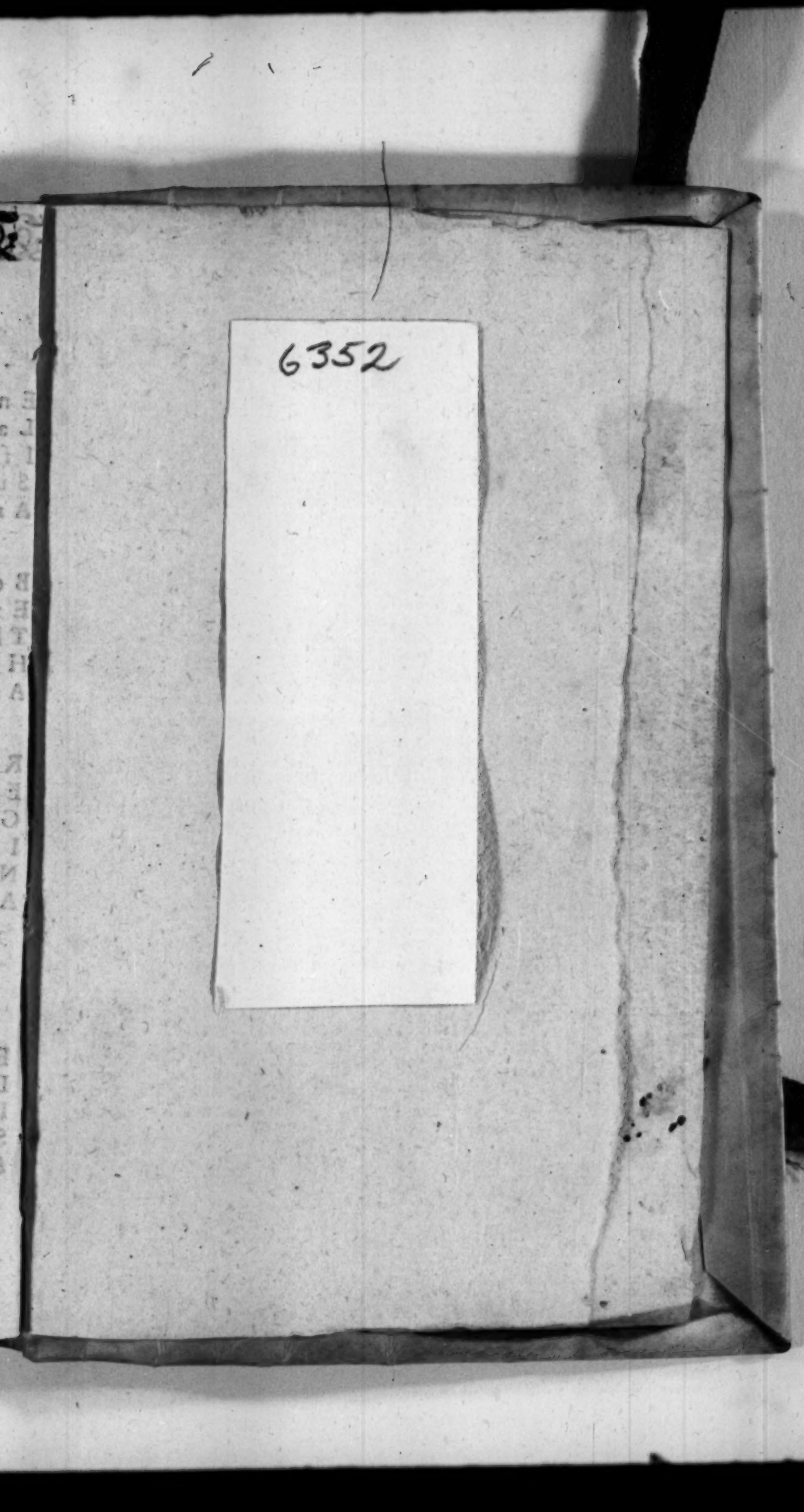
Behold

HYMNE XXVI.

B ehold how my proud quill doth ſhead
E ternall *Nectar* on her head:
T he pompe of Coronation
H ath not ſuch power her fame to ſpread,
A s this my admiration.

R eſpect my Pen as free and franke,
E xpecting not Reward nor Thanke,
G reat wonder only moues it;
I neuer made it mercenary,
N or ſhould my Muſe this burthen carrie
A s hyr'd, but that ſhe loues it.

FINIS.


6352